



Veritas et Vanitas

Featuring the writing of OSUM & MTC students

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A Day in the Life of a Working Student

Shelley Pickens

also my desire to limit conversations that I consider to be harmful for Americans and all other living beings.

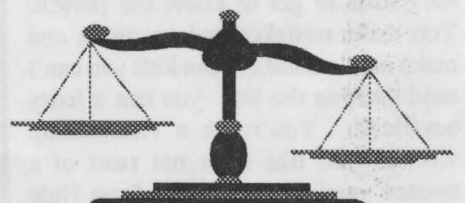
Ironically, no matter how much I want to censor, I'm unhesitantly devoted to the First Amendment: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

Therefore, I also support the right of publishers, writers, television moguls, radio personalities (even racists and bigots) to speak their minds. No exceptions.

I did not always feel this way, but I've come to realize that if anyone has the right to censor, I might be the one to be silenced. And when I'm in danger of being censored, censorship suddenly seems (at its best) unfair and (at its worst) evil.

It comes to this: allowing people to write and speak at length about what they believe helps me make up my mind about whether or not

I want to affiliate myself with them, reject them as hopeless and dumb, or fight them unconditionally. So let everyone speak—even Howard Stern. It's the only way to tell friend from foe. The more people say, the easier it is to tell who's who. ♦



ON CENSORSHIP

Marcia Dickson

Sooner or later we all want to tell someone to shut up. I, for instance, never want to hear from the following individuals and groups again:

- ♦ The American Nazi Party
- ♦ The Ku Klux Klan
- ♦ Rush Limbaugh
- ♦ EITHER Operation Rescue OR their opponents
- ♦ All movie stars on infomercials
- ♦ Every fighting family on Oprah, Phil, or Sally's show
- ♦ Tipper Gore
- ♦ Beavis and Butthead
- ♦ Senator Packwood
- ♦ Madonna
- ♦ And Howard Stern--especially Howard Stern.



I could go on. The people on this list tempt me to censor because they make me uncomfortable and, occasionally, angry. And sometimes just turning off the television or putting down the book doesn't seem like strong enough action. I'd like to see a world where hate literature is dramatically wiped out and women become more than objects draped in erotic lace. My desire to silence reflects not only my personal likes, dislikes, and sense of values but



At 7:00am the alarm rings and my day begins I drag myself out of bed and into the shower as I think of the obstacles that I will face today. I gather all of the things that I am going to need for the day, which include all my books for school, my lunch or (enough money to buy lunch), and my clothes for work. This may not seem to be a difficult task, but when you are in a rush (and I'm always in a rush), you may forget things. It's a long day when you've forgotten your lunch and your money and you don't have time to go home before 11:30pm that night.

I leave for school at 8:30am in order to get there by 9:00am for class. I have class from 9:00am to noon. I sit there trying to pay attention and not worry about all of the things that I have to do for the next day (I find it best to take it one disaster at a time). I leave school at noon and go to the elementary

"I have days where I wonder if any of this is worth the effort"

school where I am placed for my education courses which is a twenty minute drive from OSUM and where I have to be by 12:30pm. Needless to say, I don't have a lunch hour. I'm ashamed to say that my car is starting to look like I've been living in it. I arrive at my elementary

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A Blended Fairy Tale

Danielle Clevenger



If a man's house is his castle, then what happens when he brings home a queen who already has a little princess? The first time he trips over a stray tinker toy, you'll know: all hell breaks loose. In real fairy tales, love abounds in the royal family, but in this one, where the princess in question has no biological connection to the king, happily-ever-after isn't a given.

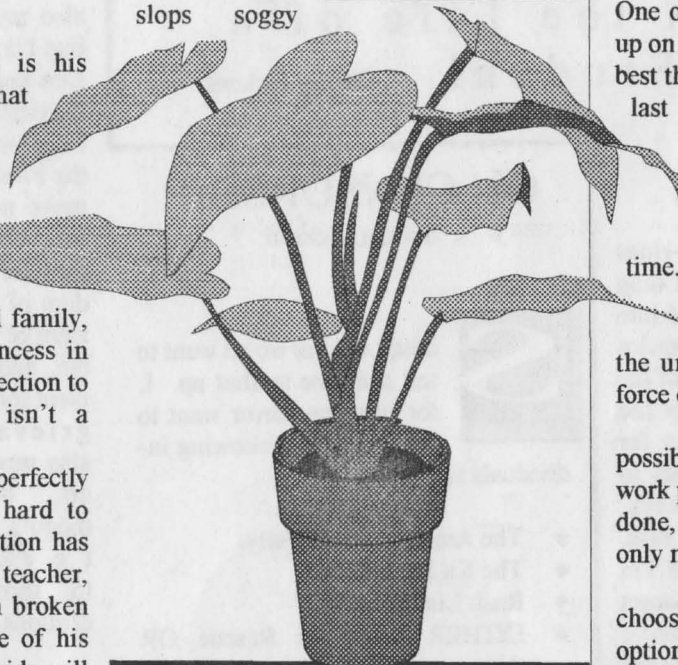
My king is a man so perfectly suited to step-parenting, it's hard to believe how difficult the transition has been for us. As an elementary teacher, he works daily with kids from broken and blended families, and one of his biggest concerns is that these kids will get lost in the his-hers-ours shuffle. Still, after rattling around his house all by himself for several years, he's gotten used to the peace and sanity you don't truly appreciate until it's ripped asunder by the thundering of small feet. (Whoever said they pitter-patter was a bigger liar than the person who invented the Tooth Fairy).

I certainly don't fault him for not jumping gung-ho into parenting with me. It was a good year and a half before I started adjusting to having, what I considered for a long time, a short, out-of-body parasite. And that was just starting. There are still times when I want to send her off to boarding preschool and get on with things.

Having a child is a little like being in a new relationship. It takes a long time to get to know the person. You make mistakes and try again and make more mistakes. But kids you can't send packing the way you can a lousy boyfriend. You're in a relationship whether you like it or not (sort of a twisted version of that line from Hide and Seek - ready or not, here I am)!

I count my blessings that the king and the princess get along at all, and if the truth be told, they really like each other. But the princess has a dark side. She throws toys, slops soggy

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"Life of a student.."

school by 12:30pm and work with the teacher and students there until 3:30pm. From the school to my job is a half hour drive, and I am expected there by 4:00pm.

I work at a movie theater in Delaware, where I am assistant manager in charge of the concession stand. I will grant you that this is not the most strenuous job in the world, but by 11:00pm, I'm starting to get pretty tired. At 11:30pm I am back home in Marion. I do any homework that may need to be done and then pass out from exhaustion by 1:00am. Then the vicious cycle starts all over again.

Not all my days are this bad, but lately I'm having more of them like the one I just described. Sometimes I have days where I wonder if any of this is worth the effort. I just keep thinking of the day when I'll have that piece of paper that says that I finally did it. I just pray that I'm not brain dead from a lack of sleep by then. This started me thinking about other working students

and I wondered if they might have any advice that could make my days more bearable.

I asked people who are full time students and work full time how they keep their sanity and get good grades. One of them told me that he has given up on his sanity and that he just does the best that he can, often doing work at the last minute. Since this is my current system, I found no help there, but I did get some useful advice from others:

* First, make the best of your time. At the beginning of the quarter, try to get assignments done early. This sounds simple, but for the undisciplined, this can be hard to force ourselves to do.

* Second, be as organized as possible, stay on top of things. Don't let work pile up so high that you can't get it done, and don't miss class, because it only makes things worse.

* Third, often it is hard to choose where we work, but if it is an option, try to choose a job that is flexible in the hours that you work, is not too stressful or physically draining, or the best scenario, one that might actually give us some free time to do school work.

* The fourth piece of advice that I found useful was to list what you have to do for the day, the week, the month, and even the quarter. I find myself constantly making and revising lists. Nothing is more terrifying than showing up for class having forgotten that something was due that day. Making lists can help avoid mishaps.

* The most important piece of advice that I received was to not take things too seriously. I'm not saying treat college as if it were unimportant, but keep things in perspective and realize that if you don't get an "A" on your midterm or that paper, it will not be the end of your life.

These bits of advice may get us through one more day and make us realize this will all be worth it in the end. ❖

Don't Gamble with the Rest of Your Life

Erika E. Curtis

Ten years ago I visited Planned Parenthood for the first time without the knowledge of my parents, terrified that I might be pregnant. I was sixteen at the time. My relationship with my boyfriend had accelerated so quickly that before we were quite sure what was going on, we had sex without the benefit of protection.

I was absolutely petrified at the possibility of being pregnant. How could I tell my parents? How could I ever go back to school or face the small town I lived in? I knew the way they talked about girls who had "given in" before a wedding made it respectable. Those girls had been dealt the bum deal of having to carry the proof around with them for nine months for all to comment on. Of course, the shame of that one act would persist far beyond those few excruciating months.

As it turned out, I was one of the very, very lucky ones. Thanks to whatever manner of manna, karma, or benevolent gods that were watching over me, the tests came back negative. I was not going to become another statistic in the growing number of teen mothers. I promised myself that I would never be in a situation like that again, gambling my whole future on a fifty-fifty chance. It had been the same as tossing a coin.

Today I am a happily married adult, and I still go to Planned Parenthood for annual examinations and family planning. As I sit patiently in the waiting room listening for my name to be called, I have a chance to observe the other girls. I can always tell who has been there before and who is a "first-timer." It is pretty obvious. The "first-timers" are fidgety with a haunted look in their eyes and are usually accompanied by a girlfriend for support. They don't know where the lab or the bathroom is located or what the usual procedure is. They just sit and wait to be told what to do next and, ultimately, what the verdict will be.

I know that an unexpected pregnancy could happen to any woman at any age, but these nervous, unhappy girls seem younger and younger all the time. I must have looked that young and scared. Watching them huddle in their chairs, in some cases trying to keep the tremor out of their voices, I want to go over to them and say "Look, it didn't

happen to me. It might not happen to you." But how can I offer the hope that the coin is going to land right side up when, for so many girls, it hasn't happened that way. The advice I can't offer to others after the fact, I can give to you, the reader, with the hope that it might prevent someone else from having to go through a similar traumatic experience. Deal with the issue of contraception as well as protection against sexually transmitted diseases before you get into a situation where it might be too late. If you have no family doctor you can turn to and are unable to confide in your parents, give Planned Parenthood a call. Their volunteer medi-

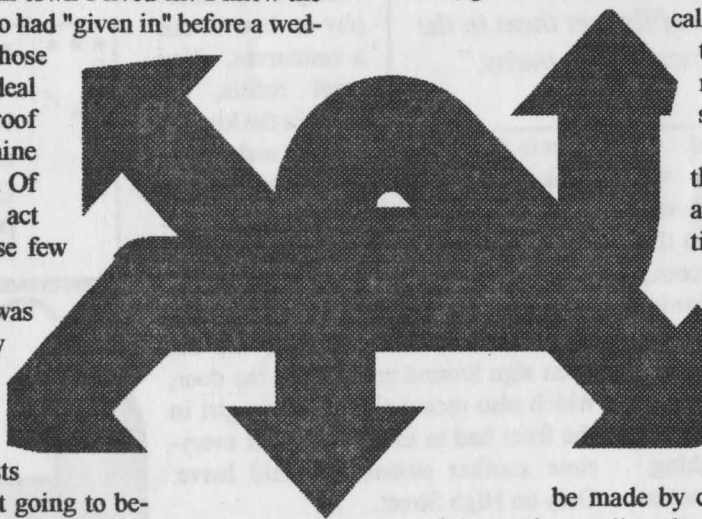
cal professionals are always willing to answer any questions a person might have. Nothing is too personal.

Some of the services they offer are pregnancy testing, annual gynecological examinations, Sexually Transmitted Disease testing, contraceptive distribution, and counseling. Any information obtained by their offices is strictly confidential. An appointment for Marion, Delaware, Columbus and other Central Ohio locations can

be made by calling 1-800-282-9214. An appointment is usually scheduled anywhere from one to two weeks from the time that you call.

The cost of any services rendered during an appointment is determined by either your income or that of your parents if you are a dependent. I have always found it to be a reasonable amount. With recent legislation, services can be free to those whose income falls below a certain level. When you call it is possible to find out in advance what the cost would be in your particular situation.

Don't wait until you have to go to Planned Parenthood like I did. Go with the purpose of safeguarding your health and your future. Take control of your life. ♦



Home Cooking . . . High Street Style

Natalie Walston

Nancy's Home Cooking. I thought the name said it all. The sign hanging above the door on 3133 North High Street conjured up images of a little home cooking, a friendly gum chomping waitress, and a full stomach. My friend weakly attempted to tell me otherwise by saying that there isn't much of a selection, but the food is really good. When your stomach rumbles, selection isn't a top priority. Coming from a small, semi-normal town, I thought that I was prepared.

"You want refills, get them in the kitchen next to the ovens."

To begin with, when we walked in, the entire crowd of devouring diners turned to see who let in the chilly October air. The plump cook, sporting a scarlet and grey beanie, shouted "hello" and turned back to his sizzling grill o' grease. But he wasn't in a designated kitchen area. He was happily frying eggs beside a round table of customers. Between fits of laughing, I noticed my friend squinting to see a chalkboard on the back wall which doubled as a menu containing two meals. When we squinted harder, we noticed that the two meals were exactly the same, with only a variation in price. Maybe one was the dinner portion, but I got the hint of there isn't much of a selection.

I don't mind eating with a group of people, but usually I like to get on a first name basis when I'm forced to sit next to someone at a meal. At Nancy's, there are two large round tables, one is the designated smoking area because of the single ashtray for everyone to share. Close enough for someone to lean back and light up a cigarette in the smoking section sits the non-smoking table. And, in the front of the restaurant is a private table for four, but if you are with one other person, be prepared to meet two new friends.

Don't worry about a hostess, either; the cook will turn around and point out where you will be seated. Luckily I got the seat closest to the spattering pit of grease. My apprehension of dining with strangers got a little worse when a line of people waiting for a seat began to form, and I got cold stares for chatting and not eating my toast.

Who really needs waitresses to actually wait on people? They can get up and do it themselves! At least that is

Nancy's philosophy on how to run a restaurant. You want refills, get them in the kitchen

next to the ovens. Extra salt and pepper shakers are under the counter next to the grill. Also, if you are privileged enough to be considered a regular, you can run the register at your leisure. At three o'clock, the cook hollered for the folks in the table for four to flip the open sign around and to lock the door, which also meant that the poor girl in the front had to unlock the door every-time another customer would leave. Only on High Street.

To put an end to my adventure, it was time to go face to face with the cook who also judges you and lowers the price if he likes you. I smiled and told him what I had to drink with my meal (who needs checks-right?) and he smiled back and lowered my price from \$2.95 to \$2.00. This was a great deal, considering I got a mound of home-fries, two pieces of toast and two eggs, plus unlimited drink refills, but if you head for the pop too many times they might say something.

Once you get past the initial stages of shock, which includes laughing and gawking at the strangeness of the restaurant, it turns out to be something close to home (well, maybe my strange home). It could be because of the comfort of watching your food being cooked plus getting splattered by grease

at the dinner table. I guess that's why they call it home cooking.

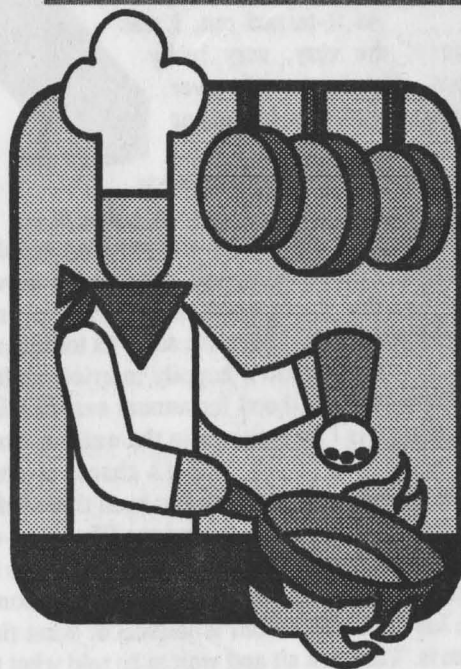
V V V (but don't tell Mam-maw!)

-Natalie is looking for a Mel's Diner type of grease pit to continue her adventures, but she will accept and even try some of the more interesting suggestions that you give to her. ♦

* * * Bether than Mam-maw's.

* * I would get a doggy bag and actually give it to my dog.

* Greg Louganis and this place perfected the dive.

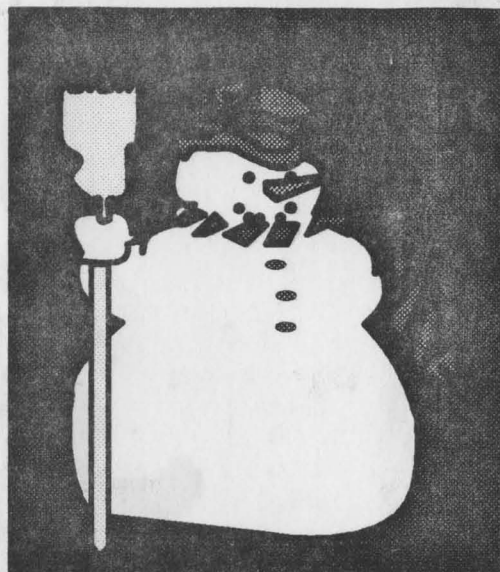


"Blended.."

cereal on new carpet, and jumps on furniture. I'm so used to the chaos she brings with her, I tend to forget that

not everyone is used to a three foot-tall person running in circles, barking.

How can I help him adjust to the new whirlwind in his house? I don't know that I can. Sometimes it takes all we have to keep the other areas of our life on track: jobs, bills, our own relationship, my mother. But then I remember it took me eighteen months to accept the princess as being part of my life, and I'm her mother. (The stork that was supposed to bring my maternal instincts was blind sided on its way to the delivery room). It may take him even longer than eighteen months to learn to accommodate a child in his home, but every page we turn brings us closer to happily ever after. v



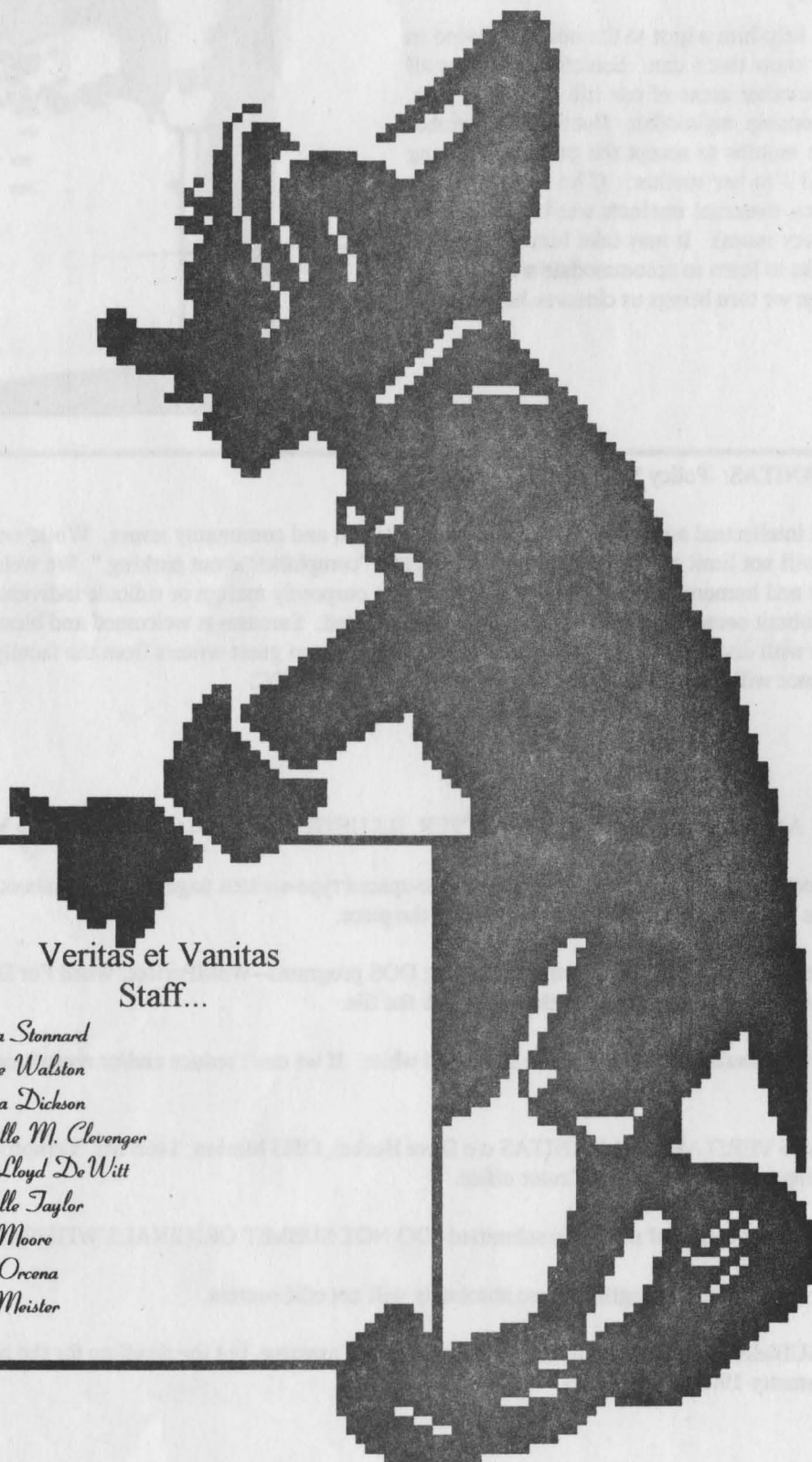
- VERITAS AND VANITAS: Policy Statement.

Our goal is to illicit intellectual and emotional responses to national and community issues. While we are definitely interested in campus issues, we will not limit ourselves to coming events and "complaints about parking." We welcome serious and carefully crafted commentary and humorous pieces as long as they do not purposely malign or ridicule individuals or groups. Writers who wish to do so may submit companion pieces where issues are debated. Sarcasm is welcomed and blessed, but illogical reasoning will be looked upon with disfavor. While we welcome submissions from guest writers from the faculty and members of the community, preference will be given to student writers from OSU and MTC.

HOW TO SUBMIT AN ARTICLE, COMMENT, LETTER, ILLUSTRATION OR CARTOON--TO VERITAS AND VANITAS

1. Articles and letters should be no more than three double-spaced type-written pages. Longer pieces will be considered on their merits and decisions made according to the importance of the piece.
2. When authors prepare their articles on computers using DOS programs--WordPerfect, Word For DOS or Word For Windows, we request that they also give us a clearly labeled disk with the file.
3. Illustrations and cartoons must be prepared in black and white. If we can't reduce and/or reproduce it on a xerox machine, we can't use it.
4. Mail submissions to VERITAS AND VANITAS c/o Dave Beckel, OSU Marion, 1465 Mt. Vernon Ave, Marion, OH 43302, or leave them in the drop-box in the Student Center office.
5. We do not return paper copies of materials submitted--DO NOT SUBMIT ORIGINALS WITHOUT MAKING COPIES.
6. We reserve the right to edit for length--but we absolutely will not edit content.

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS: We will accept submissions at anytime, but the deadline for the next issue is WINTER, 1994: January 19th (Wednesday).



Veritas et Vanitas
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